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LIBERTY

AND

INTEREST.

By Mary Latter.

[Price One Shilling.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM
8 JAN 58

LIBERTY

AND

INTEREST.

A

BURLESQUE POEM

ON THE

PRESENT TIMES.

I care not tho' I'm underſtood,
I only mean my Country's good;
And (let who will my Freedom blame)
I wiſh all Courtiers did the ſame. GAY.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXIV.

LONDON

AND

THE ENVIRONS.

ON A NEW

PANORAMIC PLAN,

WITH

INTERESTING

AND

LIBERAL

LIBERTY

AND

INTEREST.

YE nameleſs Grubſtreet *Muſes!* hear
An humble Vot'ry's fervent pray'r:
From all your garrets, fraught with lice,
And frouzy ſtraw, and ſtarving mice,
Down—down deſcend! and tune my lyre,
The lowlieſt of your *humſtrum* choir!

Vaunting no vulgar theme to chuſe,
On *Gadfly's* wings upmounts my *Muſe*,

Prompted by ſimilar affection,
Indulge her with your kind direction;
Nor let, to your Plebeian train,
This invocation riſe in vain.

Some Authors of redundant fancies
Employ their talents in *romances*;
And ſome, ridiculouſly dull,
With brain of lead in timber ſcull,
Buſy their idleneſs to tell us
What *will* befal, and *hath* befel us.

Others, profound in ancient lore,
The deeds of *Greece* and *Rome* explore;
They ſing how empires ſunk and roſe;
How fought the *brave*, how fell their foes:
And quote examples rare and curious,
Of armies fine, and heroes furious!

Many, to ſhew their *penetration*,
Pervert ſome myſtic revelation;
As many more in *inky* fight,
Perplex the cauſe to ſet it right;

Proud,

Proud, pert, and wrong! *religion* dearning
With *error*'s threads, and rags of learning.
To both, who liſtens may be loſt
On Contradiction's dang'rous coaſt;
And, who's the dupe of either made,
By either's equally betray'd.

Some *linguiſt* coxcombs, void of ſenſe,
To oratory make pretence,
And, on the ſtreſs of *Iriſh* rules,
Teach *Engliſh* apes to prate like—fools.

But—leaving theſe *ſuperior* matters
Where firſt I found them,—*'mongſt my* BETTERS;
(For ſure, ſuch lofty ſpeculations
Are fitter for the *heads* of nations,
Than thoſe, whoſe *want* of keen diſcerning,
Miſ-repreſent them not worth learning,
And fain would make the *great* believe 'em
As calculated to deceive 'em)
I haſten onward, firſt to ſing,
So Duty bids—God ſave our King!
Our patriot King! who reigns alone
In *Britiſh* hearts, on *Britain*'s throne!

May he be bleſs'd with *David*'s merit,
And *Agur*'s PENETRATING ſpirit;
Joſiah's piety, and zeal
For ENGLISH *Iſrael*'s commonweal!
May long his reign and proſperous be,
While guardian friend of LIBERTY;
Of LIBERTY! the brighteſt gem
That ornaments his diadem.

But hold — in point of good behaviour
I ſtop — to crave my Reader's favour;
Or elſe, ſay farther what I will,
Some one, or more, may take it ill.

Poets of all denominations,
How mean ſoe'er your ſituations —
Ye ſons of *ign'rance* and of *learning*,
(In ſome points equally diſcerning —)
Ye *coxcomb-wittlings*, dull, and pert,
Of high conceit, and low deſert —
Ye kennel-raking *Critics* too,
A croaking, captious, carping crew —
Ye *pedants* bluff, a motley race,
Mixtures of ſcholar, owl, and aſs —

O —

O — from your cellars dark and drear,
With vile mundungus and dead beer,
Deep drench'd to ſtupefaction ſtrong,
Forbear your cenſure of my ſong!
And ſhould you ſee a hint or two
Which ſeems as if deſign'd for you,
Think not (although the cap ſhould fit you)
The character was meant to hit you;
For ſure as two and two make four,
The ſame will ſerve for forty more:
Then only to yourſelves ſuppoſe
I've pinch'd your neighbours by the noſe,
And then, if gall or ſpleen be in it,
Forth breaks your laughter in a minute.

O Liberty! aſſiſt my lays!
Inſpire me while I ſing thy praiſe!
To aid thy viſionary friend,
From thy *romantic* throne — deſcend!

Behold! ſhe comes — (avaunt EXCISE!
Nor dare before my Goddeſs riſe:
Hie thee to *Scotland*, or to — Hell,
With B—, or *Lucifer* to dwell!)

Crackers, and ſerpents, ſquibs and rockets,
Gunpowder-proof of golden pockets!
Like blazing ſtars adorn her way,
'Till ſmoke and ſtench their ſource betray.

In armour dight from head to heel,
Not gold, or ſilver, braſs, or ſteel,
But — (form'd to ward off wounds and weather)
Of bold *North Britons* tack'd together;
For (tho' ſome blows may make her ſtagger)
A quire of *paper* foils a DAGGER.

Accoutred thus, the *phantom* fair
Deſcends, propitious to my pray'r:
Deſcends, and ſmiles — O, how I'm bleſt!
I feel the Goddeſs in my breaſt! —

Chimerical, deluſive pow'r,
Thy *non*-EXISTENCE I adore!
Me, as I guide the humid quill,
With thy unmeaning influence fill;
And while ſhe hymns thee to thy throne,
Inſtruct the *Muſe* to form the ſong!

O Liberty! our darling theme,
Our idol ſhade, our waking dream!
Courted by all, by all careſs'd,
By *all* alike, or *none* poſſeſs'd —
(By *ſome* what tho' thou be miſtaken?
And us'd by *ſome* "*to ſave their bacon,*")
THOU ART — and who this truth can gainſay?
The faireſt fruit of crazy fancy!
The priſoner's *wiſh*, the public *toaſt*,
The patriot's *claim*, the beggar's *boaſt*,
The peaſant's pride, the poet's laurel,
The fool's *excuſe* to pick a quarrel,
The lawyer's plea, the Scotchman's blunder,
The knave's pretence for LEGAL *plunder*,
The ſtateſman's jeſt, the hero's *prize*,
The People's ROD to ſcourge EXCISE!
Much more than can be ſaid, I wot
THOU ART! — in ſhort, what art thou not?

How far thy influence may extend,
Where it began, and when 'twill end;
And why ſometimes thy *ears* are cropp'd,
And why ſometimes thy limbs are lopp'd,

Tho'

Tho' *wiſe* folks tell *ſtrange* truths about 'em,
Some diſbelieve, and many doubt 'em.

If *ſuch* there be, let thoſe alone
Who dare thy wond'rous charms diſown,
And, by prepoſt'rous accuſation,
Would *rail* thee out of reputation;
Let thoſe advance their idle ſtories
Beyond the *Tweed* among the *Tories*;
While WE, who *know*, and *do* our duty,
Confeſs thy FORM, and laud thy beauty!
As to thy POW'R..... for THAT — no matter;
We know thou ſtill preſid'ſt o'er *Water*;
The only liquor *now* that's *free*,
And full of thy Divinity!

To *Water* then, (and not to beer,
Delicious fluid! ſound, and clear;
Nor mum, or perry, punch, or wine;
Nor apple-nectar, juice divine!)
With thee to drink, celeſtial fair,
To running *water* we'll repair.
Here "drink, my friends — and — drink again"
To LIBERTY's illuſtrious reign!

Drink

Drink while you may, and what you will,
And fear not future latent ill:
No faſcination lurks in *water*,
Exciting luſt, rebellion, ſlaughter;
Inſtead of miſchiefs, madneſs, riot,
It keeps all paſſions ſmooth and quiet:
It warms no wild imagination,
Nor gives the brain intoxication:
Sweet, rich, and delicate its flavour,
'Tis NATURE's *unpolluted* favour!
So great, ſo many, and ſo rare
Its known and unknown virtues are;
That time would fail ere I could tell
Where moſt it does or may excel!
So ſacred this! — that fell EXCISE
With cloven feet, and ſaucer eyes,
O'er-aw'd by *fear* (NOT check'd by *ſhame*)
Durſt ne'er arreſt the rolling Stream!
Here "Drink, my friends—and—drink again,"
We're not in *France*, we're not in *Spain*;
Free were we born, and *ſtill* we're free
To drink long health to LIBERTY!

Tho' venal Villains, baſely bold,
Prefer to thee a chain of gold,
Each ſoul ſincere, who ſcorns to ~~flatter,~~ *faulter*
Wiſhes ſuch villains in a — halter!

Let therefore each true-hearted *Briton*,
Who or *joint-ſtools* or — WOOLPACKS ſit on,
(With *moonſhine*, midnight meditation,
Planning the welfare of the nation)
From thoſe who pipe with oaten reed
On *Thames'* fair banks, or — SOUTH of *Tweed*,
To thoſe in Coach of State who ride,
By Kings careſs'd, to Kings ally'd —
Come ev'ry one of gen'rous ſoul
To *fountain-head*, and fill your bowl:
Declare your ſentiments in ſong —
To *Liberty* the lays belong;
And let our univerſal chorus
Compel EXCISE to flee before us!

Thou potent echo of a voice!
Thou *popular*, thou pleaſing noiſe!
Our *friend*, our *charm*, our *joy*, our *trouble*,
Our *care*, our *crown*, our *bliſs*, our — BUBBLE,

Sweet

Sweet ſounding from the trump of fame—
Aloud we praiſe thy—*empty* name!

Magnetic meteor in a vapour!
Dear jumping *Jack o' lanthorn* taper!
Now up—now down—now dark—now light,
Obſcure ſometimes, and ſometimes bright:
Now here—now there—now in—then out—
How blytheſome doſt thou dance about!
So frolic thou, ſo full of glee,
Who glories not in *aping* thee?

The mountain, deſert, rock, or den,
The murky wood, the ſwampy fen,
Secure of thee, we fondly chuſe,
And—CYDER, for thy ſake—*refuſe!*

Myſterious, univerſal SOUL,
What can thy influence controul?
Religion's laws, and *Hymen*'s chain
With it compar'd, are void and vain!
E'en *Females!* fraught with thy opinion,
Mutter at maſculine dominion;

And many a *fair one* dies a martyr
By ſcuffling for thy *magna* charter!
For thee we clamour, and diſpute;
For thee we d—n the name of *B*—;
For thee we bluſter night and day,
And curſe, and ſwear, and faſt, and pray;
For thee we wrangle, rail, and write,
And pant, and pine, and fret, and fight;
For thee we ſigh, for thee we ſing,
For thee! we—do, but EVERY THING!!—

"YOU LYE!" (for thus, as from the ground,
Broke angry forth a *rumbling* ſound!)
"Wrongſided wretch!—you urge my paſſion—
"'TIS I, WHO SOLE CONDUCT THE NATION!
"Let brutes, for brutes alone are free,
"Extol the ſweets of LIBERTY!

At this the *Muſe* began to ſtare,
Quoth ſhe—I wiſt not who you are!

"Know you not ME?—not ME to know
"Argues yourſelf unknown below!" *

* See MILTON's Paradiſe Loſt.

Alas—

Alas!—I'm lately come to town;
I know not, neither am I known!

" Then learn to know, nor longer follow
" The ſing-ſong dictates of *Apollo*:
" Tho' ſoft thy lyre, tho' ſweet thy ſtrain,
" Thy warbling notes revolve in vain!
" For ſprightly wit no longer warms;
" The *great*, the *wealthy* ſhun its charms:
" (Except ſome FEW, and where they dwell,
" If you can find them, you may tell.)
" To them nor ſenſe nor taſte belong,
" They ſcorn the feeble force of ſong,
" Unleſs, when ſtung by ſatire tart,
" Their aſſes ears begin to ſmart:
" Then—with uncouth vociferation,
" (Prognoſtic dire of indignation!)
" They threaten vengeance to the crowd,
" And bray their mad reſentment loud!
" But—doſt thou covet wealth and fame?
" Adhere to me." Pray what's your name?

" Men call me INTEREST; I alone
" In ev'ry heart erect my throne:

" I am that ſelf-ſeducing pow'r,
" Whom all addreſs, whom all adore:
" Behold! in dignity profound,
" And nether darkneſs compaſs'd round,
" Not center'd here, nor there confin'd,
" I pour my ſpirit on mankind!

" Thoſe who in boaſt my pow'r deny,
" By actions give their tongues the lye:
" As ladies who in *private* paint,
" In *public* at the effluvia faint;
" So they in public who abuſe me,
" In private ſcruple not to uſe me;
" Experience, *well apply'd*, will teach 'em,
" 'Tis better *practice* rules than *preach*'em.

" LIBERTY, wrapt in lightning, ſits,
" And ſpurts her influence forth by fits;
" And when th' exploſion burſts around,
" (Not ſway'd by *ſenſe*, but catch'd by *ſound*)
" The *mob*, good lack! ſtrut, bounce, and blunder,
" With oak and crabſtick — blood and thunder!
" Yet, maugre all they ſwear and ſay,
" Who fears my threat'nings more than they?

" You

" You brag of her *North Briton* armour!
" What has ſhe done? what does ſhe dare more?
" Such vile, vexatious, prickly, *brier* wit —
" Does not the *hangman* make a fire wi't?
" What muſhroom puffing! who's to fear it?
" If dogs could laugh, they'd laugh to hear it.
" Let an *Exciſeman* ſhew his warrant,
" Behold! —your fierce *amazon-errant*
" Is, ſudden, in *Hyſterics* ſeen,
" O'erwhelm'd with cowardice and ſpleen!

" Lo, ev'ry virtue yields to me;
" What's *friendſhip?* what's *integrity?*
" What's *truth?* or *juſtice?* — empty ſhades!
" Before my face fair *honour* fades!
" Nay, *conſcience* — by my force confounded,
" Sickens, and droops, and ſinks aſtounded!
" My *will* is FATE, my *word* is *Law*;
" I keep mankind in conſtant awe!
" Who dares my *will*, my *word* oppoſe?
" I lead the mightieſt by the *noſe*;
" And when my influence appears,
" They fall together by the *ears!*

" Does

" Does *Ch—ch—l* hector in octavo,
" When *fools-cap* decks his *patron bravo?*
" Does *H—g—th*, with contemptuous air,
" Bep—ſs, cur like, this *Ruſſian bear?*
" Let 'em, in contradiction's name,
" Pretend to foam, and p—ſs for fame;
" Yet, know mankind, — alike to me
" *Ch—ch—l* and *H—g—th* bend the knee!

" Who ever yet deſpis'd my rules,
" But all the world declar'd them fools?
" A character they muſt deſerve
" Who learn to laugh at me, and — ſtarve.

" To cheat ſuch *fools* I teach the *knave*;
" Suſtain and ſtimulate the *brave*:
" I charm the *great*, I blind the *wiſe*,
" I catch the PATRIOT — by ſurprize!

" Pray, what does LIBERTY? I wonder!
" Can *ſhe* controul, or keep folks under?
" Does any covet *her* protection
" Who yield their necks to *my* ſubjection?

" Thoſe

" Thoſe who delight in contradiction,
" And thoſe who mingle faith with fiction —
" *Jeſuits*, *Socinians*, *Quakers*, *Arians*,
" *Methodiſts*, *Luth'rans*, *Preſbyterians*,
" *Mahometans*, and *Jews* agree
" In tenets, while they worſhip me.

" Tho' madmen rave, and rant, and roar,
" And call me cheat, and ſcarlet whore;
" Such language why ſhould I reſent?
" Their *ſickneſs* is their *puniſhment*.
" People who're in their ſober ſenſes,
" Pity, or ſmile at mad pretences;
" And 'tis becauſe they've loſt their reaſon,
" I bear their blaſphemy and treaſon:
" Soon as return'd from this diſtemper,
" They change their maxims, and their temper;
" And when they *know* I am INTEREST,
" Become as *ſupple* as the beſt:
" Can crawl, or climb, run, go, or ſtand,
" Defraud the King, or—*ſell* the land;
" Like *Proteus*, mimic every ſhape,
" Mule, Magpye, Spaniel, Aſs, and Ape!

" Be *flatterers*, *ſycophants*, and *ſlaves*,
" *Court paraſites*, and *tools* of *knaves!*
" * * * * * * * *
" * * * * * * * *
" * * * * * * * *
" * * * * * * * *! &c.

" When *us'rers*, to increaſe its rent,
" Let out their mire at ten per cent.
" When *bawds* with *magiſtrates* agree
" To buy off Bridewell with a fee;
" When *wits* cry up their own inventions;
" When *authors* pawn the *Muſe* for penſions;
" When BIBLE commentators ſwarm,
" (Like *Egypt*'s evils, multiform;)
" Proff'ring dull drops of holy honey,
" Exchange divine! for — READY MONEY;
" When *Deacons* trim, in ſcarf and band,
" Sneak to *his lordſhip* — hat in hand;
" When hungy *poets* hunt for *patrons*;
" When ſpendthrift *heirs* wed wealthy *matrons*;
" When *damſels* quit content and cottage,
" For rotten, rich, fond *peers* in dotage;

* Hiatus MS.

" When

" When *law* turns *Juſtice* out of doors;
" When *cullies* quarrel for their whores;
" When *emp'rics* boaſt infalibility;
" When haughty *Biſhops* ape humility;
" When *Politicians* raiſe a pother;
" When *Stateſmen* ſtigmatize each other;
" When *Senators* accept of PLACES
" To ſtop their mouths, or maſk their faces;
" When *vict'ry* yields the palm to " peace
" That breathes contagion on ſucceſs;"
" When drear EXCISE, ſuſtained by laws!
" On *Engliſh Rights* her dagger draws—
" When ſuch phænomena you ſee,
" I AM *their* PRIMUM MOBILE!

" Such, and ten thouſand, thouſand more,
" And greater deeds are in my pow'r;
" And ev'ry hour of ev'ry day
" Inlarges, and confirms my ſway.

" This I ingenuouſly confeſs,
" (Not that my influence will be leſs,
" But thus I think I'm bound to ſpeak,
" To rectify one *grand* miſtake)

" The

" The only thing I CANNOT do,
" Is, to deſpiſe the *poor*, in woe;
" To ſteel the heart, and ſpurn the pray'r
" Of *miſery*, tottering on deſpair;
" On *merit* in diſtreſs to frown,
" And trample ſtruggling *genius* down:
" When *thus* men act, it is not I
" Inſpire — but — INHUMANITY! —

" Howe'er this hint may be intended,
" None will (I truſt) *appear* offended;
" In prudence, ſure, they'll — let it paſs,
" Since, *application makes the aſs*.

" Theſe are the TRUTHS that I declare,
" And — contradict them thoſe who dare!"

Immediately the *Muſe* was mute;
For, who with INTEREST would diſpute?
Her books ſhe tore, and burnt her pen,
And vow'd — ſhe'd never write again.

FINIS.

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